

THE Bloomfield Citizen

WEEKLY JOURNAL

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C. McClure

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milliner, hurried by curiosity. "Have you lost a relation? I didn't know you had one."

"Sort of one," answered Betty, giving a farewell pat to the poppies. "I want the deepest dyed mourning you've got."

It was soon upon her head, a heavy black thing that fell in hot folds over her shoulders. Back over the road she trudged, the weight of the bonnet pulling at her temples and sending throbs into her head. The heat of the sun made her dizzy and faint. Oh, for something to relieve her! She half turned into the doctor's yard, but no. There was a medicine chest well filled at home. She would wait until she reached there. One of Mary's virtues had been economy. Blindly she staggered on toward home, entered it and went to the medicine chest. Blindly she grasped a bottle and drank from it. Then she remembered no more.

When Daniel returned that night from doing the chores he missed Betty's welcome at the door. She had not failed to meet him there since their marriage. He found her on the kitchen floor enveloped in widow's weeds and writhing in agony. Clammy, but tenderly, he removed the ugly bonnet and placed her on her bed, where she lay raving and tossing while he ran for help. It was fortunate that the doctor was driving past just as the distracted man rushed from the house. He administered the proper antidote for the poison Betty had swallowed in her search for headache medicine.

Mrs. Yardwell was soon summoned, for Betty raved of her and the poppy hat. She called Daniel to a conference in the barn. What was said to him he never quite remembered. He was wondering dully if Betty were going to die and trying to picture home without her. For once in his busy life he was taking time to realize that he was in love with his wife.

When Betty opened her eyes in consciousness it was to find her husband sitting by her tenderly stroking her hands, and the beloved poppy hat lay on the coverlet beside her. She looked at him wonderingly.

"It's for you, dear," said Daniel huskily, "for you to wear. In all respect to Mary Ellen, I've taken off the craze, and we'll let her rest now where she is. Forgive me, Betty. I've been a brute. But I've suffered since you've been lying there, and I've found out how dear you are to me."

"But I'm not like Mary Ellen," whispered Betty faintly. "No, thank God! But you're mine, and I love you. I want you to be happy in your own way hereafter, and try to love me a little. Will you, dear?"

She was too weak to answer, but she smiled a happy little smile as her husband bent over for the first time gave her a lover's kiss.

An Intelligent Chimpanzee. In 1884 Mr. Smyth, United States consul at Liberia, brought to this country a young chimpanzee about seven months old and sold him to the New York park department for the cost of transporting him. As he came first class passage, the price was \$125. He was named Crowley. He took to Keeper Cook from the first, and until his death they were the best of friends. He was very intelligent and I believe was as near human as an animal could be. He would sit at a table to eat, put on a napkin and use a knife and spoon when necessary. When he had finished he would use the napkin, carefully fold it up and lay it beside his plate. About two weeks before he died a severe attack of pneumonia set in, and Dr. Marsh, surgeon of the park, was called. Every morning when the doctor entered the room he would say, "Good morning, Crowley," and Crowley would get up to shake hands. Then the doctor would say, "How are you this morning?" and Crowley would grin. The doctor would examine him and say, "Your pulse, Crowley," and Crowley would extend his hand. "Now your lungs," and Crowley would throw back his arms to allow the doctor to place his ear to his breast. "And now your back, Crowley," and he would turn his back.

He grew very feeble before death, and Cook stood by him from early morning until late at night. Late in the afternoon of the day he died Cook held him in his arms for about an hour. Cook put him down on the floor, and Crowley raised himself up, put out his hand to shake hands, as Cook said, "To bid him goodbye," turned toward the wall of his room and dropped dead—Outing.

A Salutary Lesson. "Now, remember your salutes," said the corporal when posting the Irish recruit on sentry. "If you see a lieutenant—he wears one star on his shoulder—slope arms; if a captain—two stars—slope arms. If you see a major—a crown—present arms; if the colonel—stars and crown—present and turn out the guard."

Pat pondered his orders carefully, but presently he was awakened from his reverie by the approach of the general.

That worthy son of Mars surveyed the cross swords on the gallant officer's shoulders and as he was not included in the corporal's category simply nodded cheerfully.

"Well, my man," said the genial general, "and who are you supposed to be?"

"I'm supposed to be a bit of a sentry," said Patrick. "And who are you?"

"Oh, I'm supposed to be a bit of a general," said the latter.

"A general, is it?" cried the startled Pat. "Then you'll want something big. The corporal told me about the others, but nothing about yourself at all, at all. But hold hard a minute, and I'll give you the bayonet exercise, if that'll do."—London Answers.

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ASSETS (Market Values) Jan. 1, 1903.....\$82,833,726 16

LIABILITIES.....76,178,960 43

SURPLUS.....6,654,765 73

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RESIDENCE ON THOMAS STREET

ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

(Circuit 14-164)

SHERIFF'S SALE.—Common Pleas Court. The Cook & Berghimer Company, a corporation, vs. Abraham De Wall, Et al.

By virtue of the above stated writ of fieri facias, to be returned, I shall expose for sale by public auction, at the Court House in Newark, on Tuesday, the eighth day of December next, at twelve o'clock P. M., all those tracts or parcels of land and premises situated lying and being in the township of Franklin, Essex County, New Jersey:

Beginning at the northerly line of Chestnut street, south 67 degrees 37 minutes west, 23 1/2 feet from westerly line of Chesnut street, thence running north 4 degrees 22 minutes east 40 3/4 feet, thence parallel with westerly line of George B. Philhower north 37 degrees 19 minutes east 124 feet, thence parallel with the southerly line of land of Charles G. Barney et al. north 52 degrees 12 minutes west 75 1/2 feet to a point 51 3/4 feet from the westerly line of said Philhower, thence parallel with said westerly line south 37 degrees 19 minutes west 141 1/2 feet to Chestnut street, thence south 67 degrees 37 minutes east 40 3/4 feet, beginning. Being lot No. 2 on map of real estate of Dr. George B. Philhower and the same premises conveyed to Joseph Strick by George B. Philhower, 12 feet in width in 1901-02, and by corrected deed in 1902-03.

Second Tract.—Beginning at a point 150 feet southwesterly from where the lands of Henry Hilson intersect with the lands of Charles T. Barney by Lester Kierstead and along the easterly line of said Henry Hilson's land, thence (1) running south 52 degrees 42 minutes east 31 and 7/16 feet, thence (2) south 37 degrees 19 minutes west 35 feet, thence (3) north 52 degrees 12 minutes west 51 3/4 feet to lands of Henry Hilson, thence (4) north 27 degrees 19 minutes east along Henry Hilson's line 35 feet to beginning.

Being the rear part of lot No. 1 on map of real estate of Dr. George B. Philhower and the same premises conveyed to Joseph Strick by George B. Philhower by deed recorded in 1901-02, and by corrected deed in 1902-03.

Newark, N. J., November 1, 1903.

WILLIAM C. NICOLL, Sheriff.

J. Edward Smith, Atty.

(11-10)

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FEEDING THE ANIMALS.

How Some Wild Captives Act When Mealtime Arrives.

An animal is almost as demonstrative when he is hungry as when he is in a rage. They are both natural feelings, and he sees no reason for disguising them. Human beings who are affected in the same way as animals by hunger pay tribute to civilization by not letting this appear. At an animal show in this city the wild occupants of the cages get very wild when the hour comes for them to be fed. A truck laden with meat and vegetables is wheeled around. Long before it gets to their cages the lions act as if beside themselves over the maddening prospect of food. The cages are very small, and yet a lion and lioness will often be in one. They tear from one side to the other, the lion jumping over the body of the lioness rather than make a "longer trip around." Though they ought to have learned that each will get a share, they both plunge for the great chunk of meat. Once they get it they eat it with a certain intensity, but deliberation.

The hyenas, "bounders" of the animal realm, are horribly greedy and will steal from each other every chance they get. The apes, the "monkeys" of animal kind, are rather fastidious, if greedy. The ostrich, large, robust bird that it is, awaits its food with much stolidity and when it gets its head of cabbage pecks at it in a most contained, ladylike fashion. The stoical elephant is a placid eater also.—New York Times.

Speed of Racing Camels.

The racing camel is very carefully bred and valuable prizes are offered by a racing society at Biskra for the fleetest racer, says Pearson's Magazine. I have seen the start of a race and it reminded me, in a far off sort of way, of a horse race. The camels were all arranged in line and they sniffed the air in their anxiety to be first. A flag was waved and they set off at a terrible pace, as if they were only racing for a short distance. They kept together until they were almost out of sight. Then they seemed to settle down to their habitual pace and the race proceeded with long intervals between the competitors. I have also seen the finish of a camel race, and it reminded me of the first motor car promenade between London and Brighton. The camels were certainly not so broken down and bedraggled, but they came in at intervals of several hours and great patience was necessary to watch them arrive.

A Mystic Volume.

A good story is told of the Russian police, who are very careful lest any literature of an atheistic character shall fall into the hands of the peasants. A peasant in the province of Minsk went to a publisher's shop and asked for a Bible. Unwittingly the shopman gave him an algebra primer.

On opening the book when he reached home, the peasant was surprised to find it full of mystic signs and hieroglyphics. The peasant showed it to a policeman, who felt convinced that the signs were of an "extremely freethinking character," and so arrested the owner.

At the trial the peasant was discharged, and the policeman, instead of being rewarded for his religious zeal, was reprimanded.

Oil of Rattlesnakes.

In Pennsylvania the oil of rattlesnakes is preserved most carefully as a liniment especially good for sore joints and for rheumatism. In procuring the oil the snake is nailed head and tail to a board and cut open. The fat is taken out and laid upon a cloth in the hot sun, from which the filtered oil drips into a jar. From for that the reptile may have bitten itself the clear oil is tested by dropping a portion of it into milk. If it floats in one globe, it is regarded as unadulterated; if, on the other hand, it breaks into beads and curdles the milk, it is judged to be poisonous and thrown away.

He Knew Some Costly Ones.

In order to discourage the use of objectionable words, says the Chicago Post, the father had evolved a system of fines, somewhat after this fashion: Hang it, 1 cent.

Damn it, 2 cents.

Gosh, 3 cents.

The boy who was to be reformed by this method studied the tariff with considerable interest, but it was some time before he spoke.

"Well," he said at last, "I guess I know some words that would cost a quarter!"

To Clean Nickel Clocks.

Cheap nickel clocks that have proved their convenience through much popular use play tricks with their timekeeping occasionally for want of cleaning. This fault may be quickly remedied with naphtha. The backs should be unscrewed and the works taken out and immersed in the fluid, a treatment that will speedily restore their service unless some more radical defect than dust is the trouble.

Memoranda of Brown.

Green-Brown told an acquaintance of mine that he could have beat my time and married you himself if he had wanted to.

Mrs. Green—The ideal I wonder why he didn't do it, then?

Green—Oh, I can readily understand why he didn't. He had a grudge against me.—Chicago News.

Her Idea of It.

"Do you believe in short engagements?"

"Yes, indeed, and lots of them!"—Detroit Free Press.

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Dealer in the Very Best Grades of

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